

THE
MASQUERADE,
A Collection
of new
ENIGMAS, Logogriphs, Charades, REBUSSES,
Queries and Transpositions.

VOL. III.



To be continued annually.

Printed for the Editors by T. Baker,
Southampton; & Published by George Wilkes,
Paternoster Row; & J. Bell, 148, Oxford Road.

Price 1.6.

O[®]

arch
ations



ADVERTISEMENT

TO VOL. III.

IN publications of almost every kind, an extensive sale is allowed to be the best criterion of merit. This being premised, the Editors of the Masquerade have only to observe, that the friendly reception of their first volume having called for another edition of it;—and their second volume (tho' increased in number one half) having experienced very liberal patronage;—they bring forward this their third volume with a considerable degree of confidence; having now printed more than double the number of the preceding year. As each volume is too thin to bind singly, they intend giving a new title-page every second year, so that two may be conveniently bound together.

They

They beg to repeat their acknowledgments to their former friends; and to add their thanks for favors received from new Correspondents at BATH, WREXHAM, and EMPINGHAM; at the same time soliciting a continuance of them.

Communications for the next volume may be addressed to Mr. T. BAKER, Printer, Southampton; before the first of November, 1799.

SOUTHAMPTON:
JAN. 1, 1799.

I
Fea
The
So,
For
The
In a
Blan
May
Full
Full
VOL

THE
MASQUERADE, &c.

ENIGMAS.

I.

INDULGENT sex, a friendly ear incline;
Your history makes a parallel with mine.
Fearful of man's impetuous desires,
The timid maiden from his look retires;
So, fill'd with dread of his designs, do I,
Form'd for his comfort, from his presence fly.
The lovely nymph, of heart, of temper, mild,
In act unspotted, and in thought unguiled,
Blameless in language, from resentment free,
May own her representative in me:
Full many a blessing man derives from you;
Full many a blessing I supply him too:

Must he the nurse's tender care engage?
 I foster infants, and I cherish age:
 Like the fond bride, I yield him up my wealth;
 And cherish him in sickness and in health.
 Does a fair outside bend him to your shrine?
 I hold him many a year engaged by mine.
 Through you does Pity deal her daily bread?
 Through me th'industrious poor are daily fed.
 When meek-eyed peace allows domestic joy,
 I, like yourselves, the gentler arts employ;
 New lux'ries furnish, new delights afford;
 Apt as yourselves to serve our common lord.

How many a fair Andromache, when Mars
 Sounds the alarm, her hero's crest prepares:
 "Hurtles the noise of battle in the air?"
 I trim the dauntless hero for the war,
 Lend him my best protection in the fight,
 And guard him from the dangers of the night.

Thou, generous Ackland! eager to engage,
 For love, the battle's sanguinary rage;
 Whose sacred tears, amidst the fiery field,
 Embalm'd a husband's threatening wounds, and
 heal'd;
 Oft has thy charitable hand convey'd
 Health to the sick, and to the fainting, aid;

Oft

Oft hast thou pitying seen the soldier bleed,
And made thy care, a charity indeed.*

Amidst the hostile clamor I attend;
Tho' hating war, the wounded warrior's friend;
For his support I tempt the murderous steel,
And for my weaker self forget to feel;
Through the sick tents nutritious viands give,
And bid the feeble wretches eat and live.
One more congenial fact I would propose,
And my long history hastens to it's close:
Now Gallia's troops disseminate alarms,
You stimulate Britannia's sons to arms:
By *my* assistance martial ranks unite,
Are urged to war, encouraged in the fight,
Impell'd to danger amid heaps of slain,
Provoking death, and negligent of pain.

* Lady Harriet Ackland accompanied her husband to America, in the war with that country, and endured the most trying hardships. The Major was dreadfully burnt in his tent; afterwards wounded at Saratoga, and taken prisoner. Lady Harriet, at the hazard of her own life, followed him, by night, amidst surrounding riflemen, to the enemy's camp; and a second time healed the wounds he had received.

II.

COME, wanton-eyed frolic, and sport in my
train ;

Let goat-bearded wisdom read lectures in vain ;
By themselves the cold rules of dull matrons be
used :

Am I pert and abusive ?—Myself am abused ;
E'en the hoar-headed sage,—like a rock capp'd
with snow,

Scowling gloom on the nature-form'd landscape
below,—

My tenor condemns ; my appearance defcries ;
And with cynical aspect would blacken my joys :
By his frown my defects are more darkly display'd ;
And my merits enwrapp'd with invidious shade.
See my face become grave ; and observe my de-
fence ;—

Although form'd for the poignant indulgence of
sense,

Yet forbearance and virtue by me are attain'd ;
And through me have the summits of science
been gain'd.

Health, vigor, alacrity, beauty, are mine ;
Spirit, mildness, and heat, in my temper com-
bine.

If I sometimes am faulty, I yet am admired ;
 If at times fraught with danger, still am I desired ;
 The philosopher's self, who, in language morose,
 Seems to snarl at my name, heaves a sigh for my
 loss.

In a word, let me raise your ideas of my worth ;—
 By the friendship of heaven, the kindness of earth,
 Lovely woman is pleased my companion to be ;
 And the portals of heaven are open to me.

III.

YOU men are clever folks, 'tis true,
 And boast it pretty freely too ;
 Yet the rare feats you pay to see
 Are every day excell'd by me.
 Oh ! now you're mighty gruff :—Well, try,
 Who owns the chaplet, you or I.
 Talk of your Vestrises for dancers,
 Your harlequins for necromancers ;—
 I'll put to shame their sarabands,
 I'll so confound their magic wands :—
 But, mind me, this is not to please you ;
 I'll do all this, and more, to tease you.
 Come, give some doughty chief his errand ;
 I'll try his nimble wits, I warrant.

B3

Come,

Dear fir ! don't let me kindle strife ;
I've been familiar with your wife !
Oh ! what ! the soldier frowns his doubt ?
But truth, good colonel, must come out.
Indeed, I can't retract a word :
Ay, do,—“ I care not for thy sword.”
Full oft have I, delighted, stood
To quaff whole draughts of warrior's blood ;
And, ere thou draw one drop of mine,
Beware thee lest I drink of thine.
What, wilt thou kill me ? Strike,—but where !
Not there,—oh ! no ;—nor there ;—I'm here ;
Here, just before your eyes ;—now, mind you ;
Pshaw ! wide again !—I'm just behind you ;
Now turn, once more your prowess try :—
Creation's lord, you're foil'd ;—good bye.

IV.

A GALLANT wishes to declare
His favors lavish'd on the fair.
Sweet girls ! possess'd of every charm,
'Tis I your speaking beauties warm :
Your fair cheeks glow with vermil hues ;
But I the lovely tints diffuse :

Your

Your ruby lips replete with blifs,
(The lover's joy,—the balmy kifs)
Where richest raptures clust'ring grow,
To me their sweet enchantment owe.
I take poffeffion of your heart,
And caufe, at times, and cure, a fmart.
Numbers have claim'd me as their right,
And yet have fainted at my fight:
Yes, gentle maids, from me you fly,
But, footh, without my aid you die.
Attach'd to birth and pedigree,
Princes ally themfelves to me;
And I have claim'd the regal bed,
Tho' far from worth and virtue bred:
Yet have I given heroes birth;
And for religion mix'd with earth.
Capricious man can praife or flout me,
But not exift one hour without me.

V.

I'M of religions not a few;
Jew, Pagan, Turk, and Chriftian too;
I'm Lutheran and Papift:
How much foe'er men difagree,
They friendly all fhake hands with me,
E'en Infidel and Atheift.

Strange

Strange powers, a strange magician's art,
In mystic words to me impart:

Such virtue in my touch is,—
That, hocus pocus in a trice,
I metamorphose, 'fore your eyes,
Plain miss into a duchess.

Tho' I no earthly jewels wear,
(Not blazing brilliants can compare
With neat simplicity;)
There's not a fair one but would barter
The diamond pendant at the garter,
Or any gem, for me.

A partial friend to wealth and beauty,
'Tis I can make of sin a duty;
And, what's a harder lesson,
Madam, 'tis I that duty make,
Unless you are a very rake,
E'en sweeter than transgression.

Emblem of what shall e'er endure,
Of what is try'd and fix'd and sure,
Beware lest I deceive you:
Too oft I prove a galling chain,
And all my promised joys are vain,
And nothing can relieve you.

VI.

IN paradise with Adam I began;
 His sex I honor'd, and proclaim'd him man:
 In different ages, different fates have try'd,
 Sometimes in honor, then again decry'd:
 Yet cannot this my greatest foe deny,
 I've been a patron to philosophy;
 To Aristotle's tenets gave a grace,
 And proved him a philosopher to's face.
 Such was my worth of old, that, unrevered,
 Did legates wait, unworthy to be heard,
 Tho' weighty was their charge, till I appear'd:
 Then did I live and flourish in full growth,
 And as my stature measured, so my worth;
 Now, few my friends, but many are my foes,
 And scarce my head appears, but off it goes:
 The beau's aversion, and the fair one's dread!
 But no one fears me else, alive or dead.

VII.

WE are a people of no certain station,
 Rambling like wandering Jews through every
 nation:
 Our tribe increases without propagation.

We

We have no laws, our liberty to tether ;
 All night we pig promiscuously together,
 And yet incur thereby no scandal neither. }
 We oft make love, but without inclination ;
 We fight and quarrel too, but without passion ;
 Laugh without mirth ; when set to work, we
 play, }
 Yet ne'er are disappointed of our pay ; }
 Talk much, but never mean the things we say. }
 Money we get, but can't command one penny ;
 No money spend or lend, yet ne'er keep any.
 The most of us go fine in our attire ;
 And eat and drink whatever we desire.
 To what ye ask, fit answers we repay,
 Yet ne'er so much as heed one word you say :
 Our wit you'll say is of the middle size,
 For there's not one amongst us fool or wise ; }
 No one that's ever born or ever dies. }

VIII.

LADIES ! admit a soft intruder's claim ;
 Remove the veil, and speak my mystic name.
 In flowery Eden first my race begun :
 Pure is my nature, tho' from evil sprung :

Voice

Voice I have none, yet powerful is my plea,
For causes fail when they are urged by me :
So vast my sway, my powerful influence
Has made great monarchs with their laws dispense.
But tho' thus revered by great and small,
The least disaster causes oft my fall.
Does smiling fortune health and ease bestow ?
I'm quite forgot, nay, treated as a foe ;
But should the fullest sunshine disappear,
I'm straitly called the gloomy scene to share.
I run to mitigate the fair one's woes,
And oft my influence gentle praise bestows.
My friends are always pitiful and kind ;
I am the offspring of a godlike mind ;
I spring from pain, from fear, from joy, and love ;
But am excluded the fair courts above.

IX.

I'M tall and well form'd ; by my neighbours
most seen :

I'm partly without, and partly within :
I always stand still, and ne'er go to bed ;
The food I take in goes out at my head.
I'm conducive to health, and to sustenance too ;
I'm continually follow'd, but never pursue :

If

If my stomach's o'ercharged, assistance is found,
 Who cure, but ne'er fail to proclaim it around :
 Of late I have been more than usual oppress'd
 With a kind of a whirligig, placed in my breast.
 I'm often so hot, that there are many days;
 When a spark, I may say, would set me in blaze.

X.

I'M of a family who justly can
 Boast of their service and great use to man ;
 But I despise each servile drudging part ;
 I practice most the necromantic art.
 Oft does the maiden aunt, and prating nurse,
 From out of Mother Goose, a tale rehearse ;
 Where the Cyclopean Ogre's form's display'd,
 By one dim horrid eye more frightful made :
 Like him, one glaring eye I have alone :
 Now mark ! What wonderous works by me are
 done :

For when enthroned I sit in awful state,
 The gliding spectres my commands await.
 As Endor's witch, to please the monarch Saul,
 Did unto earth the prophet's shade recall ;—
 Thus, by my power, a phantom may arise,
 Shall represent good Samuel to your eyes :

Where

Where darkness reigns, shall strike th'astonish'd
 fight,
And stand confes'd amidst a blaze of light.
In the black night my brilliant rites are shown;
For I hate day-light, and abhor the sun.

XI.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;
The smith and carpenter's adopted daughters;
Made on the earth, to travel on the waters.
Swifter we move as tighter we are bound;
Yet neither touch the sea, the air, nor ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim;
Sink when it rains, and, when it freezes, swim.

XII.

I'M an odd kind of thing, well known to man-
 kind,
Tho' I've puzzled them too,—aye, time out of
 mind:

I'm "as old as the hills,"—to use a quaint term,
Yet my birth, *since* the deluge, takes place, I affirm.

My shape or my size, I can scarcely define ;
I'm long, or I'm short,—sometimes only a line ;
Which, tho' of an inch it's no more than the
tenth,

By multiplication is brought to a length.
I'm broad as I'm long too, will surely be found,
When I boldly assert that I'm frequently round ;
And tho' often appearing a poor shallow thing,
That depth I don't want, certain proof I could
bring.

All sorts of materials compose me, I vow :
I'm a man, or a tree, or a bird, or a plough ;
In short, I am any thing, just what you please,
Sometimes I'm the moon, or perhaps a green
cheese ;

At one time, all wood, I'm quite naked and bare,
At another, you'll see me all cover'd with hair,
Or perhaps deck'd in linen, or elegant gauze,
Or cas'd in cold iron, still meet with applause.
I'm used by the farmer, the milkmaid, and groom ;
And always should furnish the housekeeper's
room ;

For sometimes without me she'd be at a loss,
To prepare what oft stands on a nice silver cross.
I'm large and capacious, I freely must own ;
For I often conceal a church or a town ;

Yet

Yet tho' all things containing, scarce any thing
hold,
Nor e'er lose my value, tho' ever so old.
My food too's as various as I am myself,
Is now kept in a bottle, now laid on a shelf;
Being one time quite dry, at another quite wet;
Yet I rarely am call'd for, but something I get;
Sometimes the *best* part I'm allow'd to retain,
Another, the *worst* is the whole that I gain.

XIII.

LONG unregarded, and unknown to fame,
Unnoticed still I pass'd, unnoticed came;
Tho' sweetest beauties in my face were seen,
And my gay mantle was a vivid green.
My brethren oft I saw to honors raised;
Saw triumphs grace them, while the vulgar gazed.
For ages thus I kept my humble state;
At length upon me smiled propitious fate,
And, my ambition's utmost wish to crown,
Raised me to glory, honor, and renown.
My votaries in richest robes are deck'd,
And nobles strive to pay me due respect:
To welcome my approach whole nations join;
And poets hail me in the flowing line.

C 2

But,

But, like a flower, all human glories fade ;
All, " all is vanity," the wise man said :
A time will come, (but far avert it, heaven !)
When, all my honors to another given,
Shall once more sink me to my former state,—
For so 'tis written in the book of fate.
But that these dignities, these glories, may
Long with me still remain, you often pray.

XIV.

TAKE me entire, my salutary juice
In medicine will prove of sovereign use.
Divide me,— that does such a change create,
I'm found pure water in a double state.

XV.

I FREQUENTLY a scene display,—
Magnificent, luxurious, gay ;
Each various taste and color boast,
Of near and distant clime or coast ;
With richest delicacies abound,
In East or Western Indies found :
Yet if my name I chuse to vary,
(As soon I can do in vagary,)

No sense I then delight or cheer,
But all is horrid, all is drear.
The princely gala's pride I swell,
Yet still surround the hermit's cell.
Ye riddling friends take one hint more,
And you'll my double form explore.
By brightest circles I am graced;
Or by no human footsteps traced.
Discover me whene'er you may,
I'm an odd contrast, you will say.

XVI.

THIS creature, tho' extremely thin,
In shape is almost square;
Has many heads, on which ne'er grew
One single lock of hair.

Yet several of it's tribes there are,
Whose fate you must bewail;
Of whom, with truth, it may be said,
They've neither head nor tail.

In former times, ere vice prevail'd,
They met with due regard;
The wholesome counsels which they gave,
With reverence were heard.

To marriages and funerals
 Their presence added grace :
 And, tho' the king himself were by,
 They took the highest place.

Their business is to stir up men,
 A faithful watch to keep ;
 Instead of that,—oh ! sad reverse,—
 They make them fall asleep.

Not so in ancient times it was,
 Howe'er it came to pass ;
 As they the company ne'er left,
 Till empty was the glass.

The moderns can't be charged with this,
 But may their foes defy,
 To prove such practices on them,
 Tho' they're extremely dry.

XVII.

DU repos des humains implacable ennemi,
 Combien d'heureux amans ont envié mon fort ;
 Je me repais de sang, et je trouve ma vie
 Dans les bras de celui qui desire ma mort.

XVIII.

XVIII.

D'ORDINAIRE, Lecteur, j'habite les cam-
pagnes,

Dans les plaines, sur les montagnes ;

On m'élève toujours un solide château ;

Mais par un artifice aussi simple que beau,

Malgré ma pesanteur, un jeune homme sans peine

Me tourne, me retourne, à son gré me promène.

Pour épargner les tiens, j'ai quatre excellens bras,

Je suis infatigable ; et contre toi je gage

Qu'à moi seul je fais un ouvrage,

Que cent hommes ne feroient pas,

Ni si bien, ni si vite.

Quand mes bras vigoureux font une fois en train,

Le moindre obstacle les irrite,

Ils brisent tout dans leur chemin.

Garde-toi d'eux, Lecteur ; et dans mon château
même

Sois en me visitant d'une prudence extrême.

LOGO-

LOGOGRIPHS.

I.

MY origin is ancient as the earth;
From Adam's very self I trace my birth;
My use to him great comfort did bestow,
And made the stream of life more sweetly flow.
But tho' a blessing given for man's sole use;
Alas! by me he suffers great abuse.
Once, as a punishment to our sad state,
My race a vast confusion did create.
My talents are in highest estimation;
I speak the language of each various nation;
The statesman, lawyer, orator, divine,
By me alone attain their pow'rs to shine.
I seldom please when in too great a haste;
Am known to have discriminating taste;
An active member said to be most truly;
My enemies aver I'm oft unruly:
'Tis true, that when I'm held I never harm,
And oft by silence fiercest rage disarm:
And I'll be silent now, lest I reveal
What 'tis my fix'd intention to conceal.

Divided

Divided, I can various forms display :
 A snare by which the poacher takes his prey ;
 A number we should ever bear in mind ;
 A weapon most destructive to mankind ;
 Two little words, which signify refuse ;
 Three prepositions, in most common use ;
 A vessel, and a heavy weight explain ;
 A member small of every human frame ;
 Part of a woodcock, held in much repute ;
 A billet-doux ; hard pull ; and pleasant fruit ;
 A composition pleasing to the ear ;
 A sad disease, which many greatly fear ;
 A verb, which will th'idea of profit bring ;
 It's pret'rite add, and then an ancient king ;
 A word which plural never can be found ;
 Part of a buckle ; and a kind of sound ;
 A word you'd use to hasten me away ;
 And what, when absent, you would of me say.
 If you these various meanings can explore,
 I need not weary you by adding more.

II.

JE suis l'objet des vœux de la nature humaine,
 Et pour jouir de moi nul n'épargne sa peine.

On

On me cherche par-tout, j'existe ; et cependant
Si l'on me trouve, hélas ! c'est pour un seul
instant.

Aussi certain auteur, dans son humeur cynique,
A chanté que j'étois un être chimérique,
Auquel renonceroit tout homme un peu sensé.
Mon nom est, cher Lecteur, de huit pieds com-
posé.

Tu trouveras en eux ce tems périodique
Où la nature semble enfin plus énergique ;
Un lieu qui réunit mille esprits de travers,
Sans cesse entre-choqués par mille avis divers ;
Ce séjour si vanté depuis le premier âge,
Qui de l'homme, dit-on, peut être l'héritage ;
Un meuble recherché par besoin, par plaisir,
Et qui reçoit de nous premier, dernier soupir.

A LIST OF ENGLISH TOWNS
ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

TWO British rivers.

What you are doing at this moment.

A bird, and a liquid letter.

The found of a single woman's voice.

To lay up goods.

Contention, and what belongs to a lamp.

To gain one city is the name of another.

A tree, and a patriarch.

A wet toast ordered to labor.

A peashell.

A potentate's weight upon an English river.

A common disease, and a counterfeit.

A piece of pig-meat belonging to the mother of
us all.

Bid a recluse continue feeding.

Merchandize.

Part of the human body, and a piece of water.

A disease.

Part

LIST

Part of a musical instrument, and a point.

A resting place, and what may be found in most rivers.

A large vessel, and a considerable weight.

Timber, and the riches of a merchant.

A room at an inn, and what is used to catch birds.

An exclamation to a supreme governor, named after a quadruped's leg.

An instrument, and a church.

The opening of the holes in the sides of a vessel.

A bit of terra firma, belonging to one famous for denial.

CHARADES.

I.

HAD I the first, what fêtes I'd give !
And show the world what 'tis to live :
But, when the second I attain'd,
Prove that experience I had gain'd.
Then of my whole I'd not bereave
Those beauteous creatures, I should grieve
To see destroy'd, to please my taste,
And all their haunts for me laid waste.

II.

A PRESENT tense, before it's past,
Will clearly form the charade's last.
The first assists our true belief.
The second cuts wood, stone, or beef.
By th'whole large sums are won and lost,
And to and fro all things are tost.

OL III.

D

III.

RADES.

III.

MY first benevolence implies.
My second does a hue comprize.
My whole is what all men will claim;
Which I doubt not but you'll soon name.

IV.

OF general notoriety,
My first attracts each human eye;
Is of complexions not a few,
Fair, dark, and black, and brown, and blue;
Can smile, and weep, and frown, and low'r,
Be sad and gay, in the same hour;
Various in fashions as the fair,
Now azure and now sable wear;
Indeed, so changeable in drefs,
I'm worse than they, I must confess.

But, though my humours are so cross,
Man, here below, would feel my loss.
'Tis I transmit him all my second;
And that's no little blessing reckon'd:
Go ask our Milton of it's name,
And he shall tell you all it's fame.

And

And now, methinks, to find my whole,
You knit your brows, and scratch your poll;
But, if you wish to find me out,
Pray go up stairs, and look about.

V.

MY first is the season that favors the reign,
Of fairy, and wizard, and sprite:
All the fancy-bred phantoms, that dance in the
brain,
In it's solemn dominion delight.

For my next take a female, who ne'er learn'd to
dance,

Nor (wonderful!) e'er used a glass,
Nor can sing, nor can chatter the language of
France,

And whom none ever call'd pretty lass.

Dr. Buchan prescribes, ere you lie down in bed,
A dram of good strong coniac;

If in sleep's silent moments, when dreams fill
your head,

Of my whole you expect an attack.

VI.

THE first, creation's lord,
And all his sons, will name ;
With daughters 'twont accord,
Nor wife of spotless fame.

The second is an art,
To mend what nature gave ;
But those perhaps may smart,
Who taste the mingled wave.

The whole, tho' long since dead,
Is by the learned sought,
As the primeval head,
From whence all laws are brought.

VII.

MY feeble first beneath it's own weight bends,
And leans for succour on it's steady friends.
If of my next an honest length you'd make,
Three just and equal measures you must take.
My whole, far distant from our British groves,
The sunny hills of rich Iberia loves.

VIII.

VIII.

IF o'er the vessel's side I fall,
And headlong meet the coming wave;
My first you may that movement call,
By which I find a watery grave.

My next will there no aid afford,
Altho' on earth it might have done;
For whether beggar, king, or lord.
To each it's power is well known.

My whole with pleasure will be seen
By the poor prisoner, free from guile;
But must appear of different mien
To him that's done some action vile.

IX.

MY first will make excellent food for your table.
My next you may read more than once in
this lay.
My whole's of a nation, reported in fable
To have perish'd by birds, in a terrible fray.

D3

X.

X.

MY first, the trembling culprit
For his offences fears ;
When, close behind pursuing,
The Bow-street men he hears.

And if in Spain the villain
His roguery had done ;
The second he had suffer'd,
With many an aching bone.

My whole, the weary soldier,
Long forced abroad to roam,
Greets with an eye of rapture,—
His welcome winter's home.

XI.

MY first's the last destructive foe
Of nature's fairest form below.
My second is proud Albion's boast ;
And both defends and decks her coast.
My whole, (such change from union flows)
The bitterest boon the earth bestows.

XII.

XII.

THE first you may do o'er and o'er,
Ere of the right word you're possess.
The next, gold will do to the poor;
And their honesty put to the test.

The whole, a susceptible heart
Severely would feel from a friend;
To be treated with scorn is a smart,
Which surely that friendship must end.

XIII.

MY first tight in my second bind,
If good you wish your ale;
Neglect my whole, with grief you'll find
Your liquor turning stale.

XIV.

TO music's notes my first attention lends.
To find my next the youth his leisure spends.
My whole, the merchant, when intent on gain,
Oft gives, in hopes his bargain to maintain.

XV.

XV.

ALL the horrors that wait on my first would ye
know,—
Seek Spitzbergen's cold shores, and her hills capt
with snow.
When the gloomy approach of the tempest you've
fled,
How you've wish'd that my second were over
your head!
My whole heightens luxury's summer repast,—
Yet hates genial warmth, courts the chill nor-
thern blast,
Loves the bleak air of winter, and studious re-
tires
From the sun's fervid beams, and the heat of
your fires.

XVI.

MY first, if found without a thorn,
Is rare by all confess'd:
And meet my second to adorn,
When by the Graces dress'd.
My third, by frequent pious doom,
Attends the fair within the tomb.

XVII.

XVII.

THE first's a gift to man belongs,
Once only to a brute allow'd;
The feather'd tribe, besides their songs,
To use it too are often proud.

The next can ne'er be said of all,
Tho' any part it may denote;
Whether we speak of large or small,
Or to whate'er the theme devote.

When of the first we are bereft,
The word at length that state reveals;
In a sad plight we then are left,
For death is often at our heels.

XVIII.

WHEN boisterous winds assail the ear,
Those parents who confide
My second to my first, may fear
Lest woes should them betide.
To form the whole, the circling year
Men four times must divide.

XIX.

XIX.

1.

WHEN hawkers bawl about the street
A malefactor's pedigree,
'Tis ten to one, but each you meet
Will something say concerning me.

2.

My second, boldly I aver,
No mortal ever saw at night;
Could such a wonderous change occur,
'Twould put all nature in a fright.

3.

Nor man nor woman e'er beheld
The pleasant light, before my last;
Prelude to all that life can yield,
None e'er forgets me, when I'm past.

XX.

THE first can ne'er be far behind.
The next 'mong ores you'll always find.
The third's a squall, which may dismay.
The fourth, a songster, spruce and gay.

XXI.

XXI.

A GALLANT soldier, on the road,
Once found himself athirst :
He of my second took his load,
Which soon produced my first.

My first no body has or soul :
My next from fight was fled :
Yet both were seen to form my whole,
A pillow for his head.

XXII.

MY little first has all mankind it's foes :
And meets my second wherefoe'er it goes.
My whole was framed on purpose to annoy
My first, whose life it's aim is to destroy.

XXIII.

MY cankering first's the bane of plants and trees.
My beauteous second every one does please.
My whole's the garden's pride by most confests'd,
And is my second, more superbly drefs'd.

XXIV.

XXIV.

MY first is a term which relates
To male or to female the same.
My next among ponderous weights
May easily find out a name.

My whole, in a very good place,
Holds a servile employment for hire;
And so useful to all are his race,
That the dead e'en their service require.



XXV.

MY first is a tree which with cedars will vie.
My second's the tenderest part of the eye.
My whole is a fruit which to none will give place,
For delicate flavor, and exquisite taste.



XXVI.

TAKE, first, the dress of all degrees:
Next that, which finish'd, life must cease.
The whole, the huntsman gives his pack,
When the poor hare her life does lack.

XXVII.

XXVII.

THAT my first is a bribe,
Must by all be confes'd.
In the watery tribe,
Is the second expres'd.

For the whole, a thing find,
E'en by reptiles enjoy'd;
Tho', we'll hope, by mankind
To more purpose employ'd.

XXVIII.

MY first of an animal famed is the hue.
My second gives pleasure to each jovial crew.
My whole, with the laurels of victory crown'd,
Shall in glory's bright annals be ever renown'd.

XXIX.

WITH beauty's shaft whene'er my first is arm'd,
Power is secured, with which my second's charm'd.
Shall simple man with both delighted be?—
Say?—'Tis at best an apish property.

XXX.

THE first, tho' fish 'tis styled by all,
Is on the land oft seen to crawl.
The next sometimes gives sweet repose,
Tho' o'er it swift the current flows.
United, they a word will form,
Which ne'er can friendship's ardor warm;
But must destroy that converse dear,
Which else might last full many a year.



XXXI.

OFT o'er my first the schoolboys pore,
The meaning right to find.
My next with care collects her store,
Against the winter's wind.
My whole, in hopes to gain your ore,
Is by some wight design'd.



XXXII.

DO my first to my second as oft as you will,
If you find not my whole, you are ignorant still.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

WHEN Dick his mighty arm would try,
He on my first his shoulder laid.
Then o'er my second brandish'd high
The shining steel display'd.

His other hand too near he brought,
By danger not deterr'd;
'Till now, by sad experience taught,
He owns himself my third.

XXXIV.

MY first, of texture fine, adorns the fair.
My next is levied to support the poor.
My whole with painful wounds our flesh may tear,
But skilful hands in time effect a cure.

XXXV.

A SON of Satan names my first;
Famed for my next, of kind the worst.
My whole, disclosing what we know,
Is friendship's solace here below.

E2

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

MY first is half the tender name,
That charms a parent's ear.
My next's where heroes often rest,
To Britons justly dear.

My third, God save our gracious king!
(Fair genius not to stifle)
He grants, for many an useful thing,
And many an useless trifle.

XXXVII.

WITHOUT my first, the fragrant rose
Unvalued might its sweets disclose.
My next's a temper, sportive, free,
Most pleasing in society.
United, in my third you'll find
Beauty and sweetness both combined:
It oft reclines on Clara's breast,
And by the fair's admired, carefs'd;
But soon, alas! its charms decay,—
It languid droops, and dies away.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

IN robes of blue, or mantle green,
 With trimmings white, my first is seen.
 And, as we read in sacred story,
 My second were the patriarch's glory,
 My third, united, disagree;
 Nor heed the wonderful connexion:
 Like sisters of one family,
 Of different tempers and complexion.

XXXIX.

OF generous breed my first, and gallant race,
 Dares look each brother warrior in the face.
 My second fairly to remembrance brings
 A faithful subject to the best of kings.
 For noise and nonsense, cheating, roaring, swearing,
 ing,
 My whole a perfect Babel is, past bearing.

XL.

MY first is no writer, but makes a vile mark;
 it does not hover over our slumbers, but fre-
 E3 quently

quently attends them.—My second, tho' awkward to a proverb, is notorious for dancing; and has often picked the pockets of the good people of England.—My whole every body has heard of, and perhaps dreaded:—it is first a schoolmaster, then a parent, then a wife.

XLI.

MY first, if aright I surmise,
Each fair one is anxious to be.
My next, tho' they vary in size,
In a stable you often may see.

My whole you must be, you will find,
Dear friend, ere you're eased of your smart:
May the lady prove constant and kind,
And yield up her hand with her heart.

XLII.

BY candle-light, ladies! my first will appear,
And the less light the larger it grows.
My second few like, when applied to the ear;
Tho' many, my third, to the nose.

XLIII.

XLIII.

MY first oft brings a wish'd relief,
To ease the laborer's pain;
Oft too assists the wary thief,
In his unlawful gain.

My next we seek, when Sol's bright fire
Emits a powerful ray,—
The hapless traveller's vain desire
In Lybia's burning way.

My whole's a plant you may descry,
Soon to perfection brought;
And, tho' no danger meets the eye,
With baneful powers 'tis fraught.

XLIV.

BOLD to oppose it's warlike foes
My first undaunted flies:
'Till by my next, subdued, perplex'd,
It's martial vigor dies.
My whole's a plight in trust, a right,
The pledge of sacred ties.

XLV.

XLV.

MY first you do, when, at your door,
Alms you distribute to the poor.
A term heraldic, next I seize,—
'Tis Sol or Topaz, which you please.
My whole is seen to mount on high,
And swiftly passes through the sky:
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis gone, 'tis past,
Nor e'er was known long time to last.

XLVI.

MY first is a wood which lasts long under ground.
My second's the first in creation.
At feasts and at councils my whole will be found,
Adding weight to his own corporation.

XLVII.

IN my first you may find gold, silver, and copper,
My next should be ever respected.
My whole's an employment so needful and proper,
We should starve, if perchance 'twere neglected.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

MY first will ever cause delight,
Wherever it is found,
To ear, to taste, to scent, to sight,
The circling globe around.

My next in pathless wilds you meet;
I punish, and protect;
I stop the bold intruder's feet,
And teach him due respect.

My whole, when spring returns, is seen
In Celia's dressing-room;
Deck'd in Dame Nature's liveliest green,
And shedding soft perfume.

XLIX.

UPON my first, the fondling child
In pleasure oft does play.
If Dolly's by false love beguiled,
She to my next gives way.
A part of dress my whole is styled,
If so the fashions sway.

L.

L.

MY first from as ancient a family springs
 As any can boast of;—descended from Adam,
 I'm known to all people, both subjects and kings,
 And sometimes I pay you a visit, dear madam.

My second's of temper and manners so various,
 That nothing on earth is so hard to define :
 All ages agree, I was ever precarious,
 And yet without me could no history shine.

United, by some I am greatly admired,
 By others a very great compound I'm reckon'd;
 I'm scorn'd, and esteem'd, hated, loved, and
 desired,
 And alas! I too oft bring my first to my
 second.

LI.

A LIQUOR sweet my first unfolds :
 The next is what that liquor holds.
 For sounds harmonious too, my last
 Renown'd has been for ages past.

LII.

LII.

TAKE the method by which we achieve
Whatsoever we do,
Whate'er road we pursue,
And my first you will quickly perceive.

If the second should puzzle your wits,
Ask a gaoler, or mayor,
They no doubt can declare,—
Or the lord, on a woolpack who sits.

The whole's so unpleasant a creature,
So cross and untoward,
So fretful and froward,
It has not, you'll think, one good feature.

LIII.

MY first is a covering which keeps you from
cold;
And defends from the sun's heat your brains.
My second delights both the young and the old,
Enraptured with musical strains.
My whole's worn by those who to funerals go;
'Tis an ensign of death, and an emblem of woe.

LIV.

LIV.

IF in downs you delight, you may visit my first,
And ramble about at your leisure.
My next ere you'd take, you would certainly give,
And neither will add to your pleasure.

With dogs and with gun, at the peep of the morn,
My whole by the sportsman is sought:
To kill me he strives, which to do, by the bye,
Requires a pretty good shot.

LV.

A WELL known river Europe boasts;
Where beauteous towns adorn it's coasts.
A wine that you'll not see in haste,
Of color bright, and rich in taste.
These two conjoin'd have powers most strong,
T'achieve great things, or right or wrong.

LVI.

FOR my first, a bit of my second I choose.
My whole is a dye that our monarchs much use.

LVII.

LVII.

TO do my first, mankind are prone.
A busy creature next make known.
The whole's not spoke of good or brave,
But of a coward, fool, or knave.

LVIII.

WHAT makes my first so very cross, alas?
Does love or care it's little breast perplex?
Well pleased it's days might ever smiling pass,
Since happy found alike in any sex.

My second, too, if you would wish to find,
Go visit Montserrat, where hermits dwell;
There, fitted for the world-forgetting mind,
You'll surely find it in the peaceful cell.

Enough, good —, believe I tell you true,
Nor wrongly doubt my ever faithful word,—
In all you e'er have done, or e'er can do,
In every thing, you always do my third.

LIX.

OF my first there is but one in the year:—
 of my second, but two in the world:—and my
 whole has every quality of a vegetable, except
 vegetation.

LX.

MY first's a name for girls and boys.

My second many an hour employs.

My whole, at Southton once enjoy'd,

Is by charades almost destroy'd.

It means the same exactly, whether

You take my last, or all together.

LXI.

DOBBIN, careless how he goes,

Throws my first in mry sloughs,

When my second meets his toes.

Wonderous things my whole produces;

Jolly tars, who go on cruises,

Know it's virtue, prize it's uses.

LXII.

LXII.

MON premier est un petit animal, dont le caractère est bizarre ;—tantôt badinant, tantôt féroce, tantôt prenant du lait comme un enfant, tantôt carnassier comme un tigre. Mon second est trouvé dans toutes les rivières :—on m'a vu tantôt monter en l'air, et quelquefois descendre des nues. Pour mon tout,—Ah ! que cela est magnifique !—C'est un ouvrage d'un Inigo Jones, d'un Vitruve lui-même. Entrez, Madame ;—choisissez votre appartement :—Je serai ravi de vous voir chez moi.

LXIII.

LES loix punissent mon premier.

Le sexe cache mon dernier.

Mon tout, parfait emblème d'un insecte légère,
Séduit l'objet qui l'aime, et se plaît à changer.

LXIV.

DES belles mon premier relève la beauté.

Mon second rafraichit au milieu de l'été.

Et qui porte mon tout, est bientôt rebuté.

LXV.

MON premier croît sur la terre.
Mon second est une écorce légère.
Mon tout est dans la rivière.

LXVI.

QUI trop en ce bas s'attache à mon premier
Court risque, après sa mort, de bruler au Tartare.
Qui fait en perfection éгалer mon dernier,
S'en va droit au séjour qu'aux élus on prépare.
Avec mon tout, fruit excellent et rare,
Heureux qui peut rafraichir son gosier.

REBUSSES,

REBUSSES,
TRANSPOSITIONS, &c.

I.

WRAPT in thick darkness hides the absent
moon;

The wintery gloom obscures the twinkling fires
Of heaven's pure azure ;—city lamps diffuse
A grateful light to busy passengers ;—
And they that know to taste domestic joys
Circle the cheerful blaze, and cheat the hours
Of fullen eve, with never cloying sweets
Of social intercourse, and all the joys
That infant fondness pays parental love.—
This, O ye sons of fashion, is my time.

Just when the silent foot and eager eye
Of busy theft prepare to range the town ;
And the pale gamester hastens to his haunt ;—
I come,—all blazing with my garish lamps ;

F3

Dear

Dear to the gay, the noble, and the young.
Princes and peers attend at my levee.
Infatuation waits upon the stroke
Of my all powerful wand. The monarch throws
His cumberous load of dignity aside,
And wraps him in unworthy robes, to taste
The pleasures I afford. The peeress quits
Her glittering coronet, and eager takes
Some meaner form to pay her court to me.
Friend of confusion, parent of mistakes,
Fantastic, antic, full of strange caprice,
I will not notice him or her who shows
An undisguised countenance to me.
I hate the glare of noon,—I hate the light
That would detect my false appearances.
I am a leveller ;—I sweep away
The bounds and party-walls that men have built,
And set them all upon an equal footing.
O how I love confusion !—glad to mix
Princes and ploughmen, countesses and cooks,
Jack-puddings, courtesans, and judges sage,
Heroes and harlequins, mountebanks and monks,
In one mad Babel. My extensive sway
All Europe owns,—but Italy I love
Above the rest,—voluptuous Italy ;—
'Tis there, amid her wanton carnivals,

I seem

I seem to feel and breathe my native air.
But short my reign ;—a few revolving hours
O'erturn my empire: order is restored;
The rising day extinguishes my tapers,
And puts out all my glory. But the sage
Raises a moral from me,—and insists
That I'm a striking emblem of the world,
And a just miniature of it's deceits.
This in the gross ;—but now, to aid the fair,
In their inquiries what my name may be,
I'll tell them my initials in detail.

First then take him, for whom the world was
made ;
What, join'd with human, will express his name ;
What, at this very moment, you are doing ;
Two letters you must never separate ;
What, when your truant goldfinch quits his cage,
To taste his native liberty, you say,
(With half a tear) the little rogue has done ;
What, in your infant days, when you pursued
The painted butterfly, you often did ;
A member of a body corporate ;
A brave and noble British naval chief ;
And what, at the conclusion of this rebus,
You may perhaps be glad to say you've made.

II.

TAKE a word that's composed
Of three letters alone ;
The initials then change,
Thirteen times, all but one ;

Thirteen words will appear,
Though all ending the same,
As various in sense,
As they can be in name.

First a place must be found,
Where brave tars oft retreat,
When the wind, in a storm,
Makes the waves o'er them beat ;

The first letter exchange,
As a song 'twill appear ;
Then exchange it again,
'Tis a part of the year ;

Now it's lively and brisk,
The next place to possess ;
Then gives name to a pole,
In it's holiday dress ;

Next

Next the produce of earth,
When for food 'tis prepared;
With a chattering thing,
To a magpie compared;

For brightness and glory,
Now see it far famed;
Whatsoever I allege,
The next word will be named;

A denial, alas! too,
It sometimes must be;
May it never be so,
When the next's due to me;

A famed Scottish river,
It's assistance must lend;
Then the road's to be found,
Leading quite to the end.

III.

AN insect, small in size,
Will make a dismal sound,—
If, when you've read it once,
You turn the word quite round.

One

One letter cast away,
 Transpose what then remains,
 An insect smaller still
 Rewards you for your pains.

IV.

A PIECE of wood,
 Which should be good,
 Aye, tough as ash, I think;
 With which men play,
 The live long day,
 To see who'll get the chink;—
 Will name a thing,
 That's on the wing,
 When Sol his head lays low;
 Yet, tho' it flies,
 And high doth rise,
 It is no bird, I trow.

V.

YE riddling fair, disclose my name,
 No doubt you quickly will descry it:
 The self same characters proclaim
 The fruit, and how you'd wish to buy it.

VI.

VI.

THINK first of a subject, whate'er you like best ;
Curtail it a little ; and then all the rest
Will express more than one of persons or things ;
Curtail it again, up an article springs ;
Disjointed, reversed, and sometimes transposed,
The following words will thereby be disclosed :—
The first is myself, and no other, 'tis clear ;
The next is a male, as will plainly appear ;
A border comes now, which is said to surround ;
A thing that is proper is easily found ;
What's said of two friends, who together have
 been ;
A term which with plenty is frequently seen ;
If I measure out aught, the next I shall do ;
The last not of me can be spoken, but you.

VII.

TO the top of a mountain, a letter prefix,—
 'Tis that which we do, when our thoughts
 we make known ;
And what we must do, ere we pass over Styx,
 Whatever our nation or language, you'll
 own.

VIII.

VIII.

REVERSE a measure, and you'll find
What keeps us often close confined;
Erase a letter, and, 'tis plain,
What causes terror will remain;
Cut off the last, transpose the rest,
A precious metal stands confest;
Those you discarded now recall,
An active verb's the end of all.

IX.

A LIQUOR and land, the same word will express;
Transposed, an old woman 'tis, nevertheless;
Again if it's changed, 'tis all things created;
One character lost, 'tis a man that's ill fated;
This last, if reversed, forms a boundary strong,
That's sometimes extended for many miles long.

X.

A FRUITFUL island, on the British coast,
Is pleasant food, fried, boil'd, or roast.

XI.

XI.

SHOW me where princely Carthage stood,
 Where Babylon, defiled with blood;
 Ask for the walls of purple Tyre,
 For proud Palmyra's streets inquire;—
 All shall "in reason's ear" proclaim,
 They live but in the rolls of fame,—
 Live, but to tell, in every clime,
 The triumphs of the victor, Time.

And *I*, fair reader, one among
 The glorious and the storied throng—
 Great in my ruins, like the face,
 That wears the marks of early grace,
 That charm'd us in it's younger days,—
 Beneath Time's sceptre *I* have bow'd,
 And sunk amid the common crowd.
 First, by a monarch's wisdom plann'd,
 I rose, beneath a master's hand.
 My stately walls, my massy gates,
 (That seem'd to mock the vanquish'd Fates)
 With riches, commerce, plenty, crown'd,
 For learning and for arts renown'd,
 Proclaim'd me great, abroad, at home,
 And second to imperial Rome :

Till, (from Arabia's deserts pour'd)
A savage race, a furious horde,—
Their pleasure, havoc,—blood their lust,—
Laid low my beauty in the dust.
No longer now for science famed,
My riches or my lore proclaim'd,
I rank in that superior place,—
But, held by an inglorious race,
I sunk from notice, till THE HAND
That succours Britain,—happy land,—
Steer'd her brave vessels o'er the sea,
And gave her warriors victory;
Confess'd her still HIS favorite isle,
And blest'd the champion of the Nile.
—Enough of this,—'tis time to hold,—
Too much already has been told;
But, my initials would you know,
Transposed, you'll find them all below.

Trace, with your eye, the ample plain,
'Twixt old Euphrates and the main,—
There sits my first, in splendid state,
On her eight hills, like Rome the Great.
Again let gadding Fancy roam,—
We'll bring the vagrant nearer home,—
Lead her to Caledonia,—there
She'll find a city, some compare

To

To a West Indian turtle's shape,
Whose form uncouth it seems to ape.
In the same region let her dwell,
Till it's third city she can tell,
Where it's East border skirts the sea,
And ocean meets the falling Dee.
Now let imagination fly
Beneath an Asiatic sky,
There, bosom'd in fair Persia's land,
Mistress of all around, I stand.
Now European Turkey coast,
Point out of Greece the ancient boast;
See all her state in ruin lie,—
No longer Rome's Academy!
On old Geneva's spreading lake,
Let Fancy next her ramble take,—
There, on a steep ascent I stand,
And the extensive scene command.
On lengthening Cuba's Southern shore,
My next, with glancing eye, explore,—
There safe the anchor'd vessels ride,
Nor fear the fury of the tide.
Let famed Vesuvius guide your eye
Along the shores of Italy,—
To where my spacious bay extends
Her wide-spread arms to British friends.

Old Salem's neighbour next appears,
Renown'd in story,—full of years;—
Hither, on persecution bent,
Saul, full of mischievous intent,
Journey'd, when that transcending light,
Fell from high heaven, and quench'd his fight;
And when the voice of HIM who knew
Saul's inmost heart, transform'd it too.
Next then, and last of all, explore
The rapid Danube's peopled shore,—
There, on Bavaria's fertile ground,
The last that you require is found.

Good bye, enigmatist,—adieu
Myself am tired, and so must you.
If, from the whole, some truth we learn,
Of time's vast value,—man's concern,—
And, from a city's ruins, raise
Some lesson for life's future days,—
Hereafter we may not lament
Our moments without profit spent;
Nor let reflection, sober'd, tease us,—
That we've been pulling words in pieces,
And, with a deal of thought and pain,
Have merely built up words again.

XII.

A CROWN, reversed, a noisy thing will make,
Which from refreshing sleep does mortals wake;
Beheaded, (strange to tell!) a plant 'twill name,
Whose property's reputed still the same;
Repeat again this punishment severe,
And straight an ardent spirit will appear;
Be cautious in it's use, my dearest friend,
Or it perchance may bring you to your end.

XIII.

A WORD that in musick we frequently use,
Read back or read forward, whichever you
choose:
A dwarf too you may by the same word express,
Without adding more, or reducing it less.

XIV.

LET two of a triangle's sides
Precede perpendicular me;
Which Dian's neat emblem divides
From parts of a cross only three;
G3 A circle

A circle you next must describe;
A semi and upright then join,
With one of diagonal tribe;
(For thus I this character coin.)

The first on a pedestal set,
(If rightly this hint you can take,
On which I would venture a bet;)
A finish will certainly make.

That Britain the whole may obtain,
And her monarch's just rights thus secure;
Is the wish I shall ever retain,
While life and sensation endure.



XV.

STRANGE! that the highest title we can find,
Reversed, should be reproachful to mankind.



XVI.

THE revolution in France; the rebellion in
Ireland; the tyranny of Robespierre; the de-
feat of the French at the mouth of the Nile;
Brothers's

Brothers's prophecies; a faro table; a duel in Hyde Park; the Panorama; the fashionable wigs; Madame le Brun's bonnets; an oyster in love; the motion of a crab; the attitudes of Parifot; the marine curiosities at Parkinson's Museum; Miss Linwood's needle-work; the bite of a tarantula; the giants in Guildhall; an alderman at a turtle feast; a favorite monkey; the Turkish ambaffador; a fat lady's lapdog;—may all be expreffed by a liquor in common ufe.

XVII.

TAKE letters only four,
And fpell them o'er and o'er;
Read forward, or read back,
And ne'er a letter lack,
It ftill will be the fame,
Or I am much to blame;
This thing, tho' fmall in fize,
A kingdom may comprife;
'Tis all your actions too,
So take care what you do,
Left that you fhould it rue.

XVIII.

XVIII.

IF a term for my drefs I retrace,
I may boast of what little is worth;
For, beheaded, this boast would disgrace
Any person of fortune or birth;

Now the head of this last take away,
And the former replace in it's stead,—
A sack will your labor repay,
Which I hope you will find is well fed;

Next curtail this same sack, if you please,
And the head of the third make the tail,—
There the counsellor's more at his ease,
Than the culprit, who fears he may fail.

XIX.

A WORD of one syllable, when 'tis reversed,
Will form one of two, as shall straight be re-
heard;—
In the first 'tis a fence, for your house or your
field;
That the next is a slanderer, can't be conceal'd.

XX.

XX.

A NAME of old Esau, reverse, if you please;
 What we stile a new fashion, you'll find then with
 ease;

Transpose the same letters, and place them just
 right,

A part of a building appears to your sight;
 Or first if one letter you choose to erase,
 It a poem becomes, a king's name may grace;
 And when this you transpose, a female 'twill name,
 That makes a good dish, or your cook's much to
 blame.

XXI.

JE suis un animal d'une grande stature,
 Et très utile au genre humain;
 Si l'on m'ôte la tête, on change ma nature,—
 Un petit animal prend vie dans mon sein.

XXII.

SI sur mes quatre pieds tu me crois une bête,
 Je te nirai le fait, en me coupant la tête.

QUERIES.

QUERIES.

I.

WHY is a clergyman's horse like the king?



II.

WHAT is that, which makes every body sick, but those who swallow it?



III.

WHY are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy?



IV.

Y. A., judiciously expressed, will make a good dish for dinner.

V.

WHAT is that, which you may safely touch, innocently play with, and put it into your bosom,—but to clip it is certain death?

VI.

WHAT word is that of eight letters, and five the same?

VII.

WHY is a blacksmith's apron like the grates of a convent?

VIII.

PRAY tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favor'd man,
Who, tho' he's married many a wife,
May still live single all his life?

WORDS

WORDS TRANSPOSED.

I. O TIS A MR PIT.

—◆—

II. O POISON PIT.

—◆—

III. COMICAL TRADE.

—◆—

IV. YES MILTON.

—◆—

V. ADAMS QUEER.

—◆—

VI. O GRIM NUN.

—◆—

VII. TIS YE GOVERN.



SOLUTIONS
TO
VOL. III.
OF
THE MASQUERADE.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 Sheep. | 10 Magic Lantern. |
| 2 Youth. | 11 Pair of Skates. |
| 3 Flea. | 12 Riddle, [enigma] |
| 4 Blood. | or Riddle, [sieve]. |
| 5 Wedding-ring. | 13 The Fourth of June |
| 6 Beard. | 14 Liquorice. |
| 7 Figures of a Puppet-
show, or Puppets. | 15 Désert, or Desért. |
| 8 Tear. | 16 Sermon. |
| 9 Chimney. | 17 Une Puce. |
| | 18 Un Moulin. |

THE MASQUERADE.

LOGOGRIPHS.

1 Tongue : in which may be found, net ; ten ;
gun ; no ; not ; to ; on ; unto ; tun ;
ton ; toe ; gut ; note ; tug ; nut ; tune ;
gout ; get ; got ; Og ; one ; tong ; tone ;
go ; gone.

2 *Félicité* : où l'on trouve, été ; cité ; ciel ; lit.

LIST OF TOWNS.

London.	Nuneaton.
Reading.	Ware.
Dover.	Liverpool.
Maidstone.	Stone.
Stow.	Bridgenorth.
Warwick.	Bedford.
Winchester.	Shipton.
Oakham.	Woodstock.
Workfop.	Barnet.
Hull.	Oakingham.
Kington upon Thames.	Axminster.
Feversham.	Portsmouth.
Evesham.	Petersfield.

CHA-

CHARADES.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1 Plum-age. | 19 Birth-day. |
| 2 See-saw. | 20 Nigh-tin-gale. |
| 3 Kind-red. | 21 Sup-port. |
| 4 Sky-light. | 22 Moufe-trap. |
| 5 Night-mare. | 23 Mofs-rose. |
| 6 He-brew. | 24 Sex-ton. |
| 7 Vine-yard. | 25 Pine-apple. |
| 8 Tip-staff. | 26 Garb-age. |
| 9 Pig-my. | 27 Fee-ling. |
| 10 Bar-rack. | 28 Dun-can. |
| 11 Worm-wood. | 29 Mif-chief. |
| 12 Con-tempt. | 30 Crab-bed. |
| 13 Bung-hole. | 31 Page-ant. |
| 14 Ear-nest. | 32 Con-text. |
| 15 Ice-house. | 33 Block-head. |
| 16 Rose-mary. | 34 Lace-rate. |
| 17 Speech-lefs. | 35 Imp-art. |
| 18 Sea-son. | 36 Pa-tent. |

H2

37 Nofc-

THE MASQUERADE.

- | | | | |
|----|--------------|----|--------------|
| 37 | Nose-gay. | 52 | Way-ward. |
| 38 | Sea-sons. | 53 | Hat-band. |
| 39 | Cock-pit. | 54 | Heath-poult. |
| 40 | Bug-bear. | 55 | Po-tent. |
| 41 | Bride-groom. | 56 | Log-wood. |
| 42 | Snuff-box. | 57 | Err-ant. |
| 43 | Night-shade. | 58 | Ex-cell. |
| 44 | Host-age. | 59 | May-pole. |
| 45 | Mete-or. | 60 | Chit-chat. |
| 46 | Alder-man. | 61 | Load-stone. |
| 47 | Till-age. | 62 | Chat-eau. |
| 48 | Sweet-briar. | 63 | Vol-age. |
| 49 | Lap-pet. | 64 | Fard-eau. |
| 50 | Wo-man. | 65 | Poif-son. |
| 51 | Sack-but. | 66 | Or-ange. |

REBUSSES, &c.

- 1 Masquerade.
- 2 Bay; lay; day; gay; May; hay; jay;
ray; nay; pay; Tay; way.
- 3 Gnat; tang; ant.
- 4 Bat.

5 Peach;

SOLUTIONS TO VOL. III.

- 5 Peach ; cheap.
- 6 Theme ; them ; the ; me ; he ; hem ; meet ;
met ; teem ; mete ; thee.
- 7 Peak ; speak.
- 8 Rood ; door ; rod ; or ; do.
- 9 Mead ; dame ; made ; mad ; dam.
- 10 Egg, or Isle of Egg.
- 11 Alexandria :—Aleppo ; Edinburgh ; Aber-
deen ; Ispahan ; Athens ; Lausanne ;
Xagua ; Naples ; Damascus ; Katibon.
- 12 Mural ; larum ; arum ; rum.
- 13 Minim.
- 14 VICTORY.
- 15 God ; dog.
- 16 Ink.
- 17 Deed.
- 18 Garb ; brag ; rag ; bag ; bar.
- 19 Rail ; liar.
- 20 Edom ; mode ; dome ; ode ; doe.
- 21 *Bæuf* ; *auf*.
- 22 *Anon* ; *non*.

QUERIES.

THE MASQUERADE.

QUERIES.

- 1 Because he is guided by a minister.
- 2 Flattery.
- 3 Because there are three scruples to a dram.
- 4 A PastY.
- 5 A Guinea.
- 6 Oroonoko.
- 7 Because it keeps off the sparks.
- 8 A Clergyman.

WORDS TRANSPOSED.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1 Patriotism. | 5 Masquerade. |
| 2 Opposition. | 6 Mourning. |
| 3 Democratical. | 7 Sovereignty. |
| 4 Solemnity. | |



END OF VOL. III.

®

S